

SUBMITTED: 14 JANUARY 2007

SUBMITTED: 14 JANUARY 2007

VSPAPER ARCHIVE®

Delamater's strength is still growing. However he goes he makes friends. We will be able to visit Bristol during the campaign. If he comes we predict for a rousing reception. The man who when I dined for the son of the famous abolitionist, John Brown, of Harper's Ferry while the bloodhounds were on the loose is the very man that deserves and has one of the largest Republican majorities given to any gubernatorial candidate in Pennsylvania.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

fully dreamed possible. The Tourist
Season runs from June 1 to September 15.
The tour is thoroughly planned, and
the places and places which would be interest-
ing under his charge. The next
leave Philadelphia, Broad Street
at 5:50 A. M., Thursday, August
every Thursday thereafter during
and September, in a special train
and Day Coaches. The round-
trip fare of \$10 from Philadelphia, and pro-
portionately low rates from other stations,
a day's board at Luray Inn, admis-
sion to the caverns, as well as a stop-over
until the following Thursday, while
the return trip may be made
on the same day, and the fare to
Luray under such auspices all should
be.

Visit
Doolittle's
DINING ROOM,
11 S. Second Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

 Eat Tutti Frutti Ice Cream. Drink
Tutti Frutti Soda Water — the
latest thing out. It is all the go.

Wright's Flavoring Extract Co.,
Originators and Sole Mfrs.,
Market St., PHILADELPHIA.

J. D. LOWDEN,
50 Mill Street, Bristol,
HAS THE FINEST STOCK OF
HATS, SHOES, GAITERS, &c.
PAIRING NEATLY DONE.

WILLIAM TERNESON,
Manufacturer & dealer in
Hats and Gentlemen's Fine
Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,
Mill and Pond Sts., **BRISTOL, PA.**
Call on Gaiter, my own make, as
well time of John Mundell's Solar Tip-
top's Shoes.

**SHOE TAKES YOUR UNCOMFORTABLE TIGHT
OUT OF THE FOOT.**
"COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.
These shoes with inside of heel lined with
this string to the shoe and prevents the
an slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"
"REVEIVE COUNTERS."

SON & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At Retail By,
Mail dealers can have
names inserted here)
application.

A. Morrison,
FINE STREET, PHILA.
Mats, Matts and Upholsters.
Successor of Morrison's Furniture Polish
and Matt Destroyer.
ESTABLISHED NEARLY FIFTY YEARS.

Money on Good Hand-made Shoes,
go to
WORKING MEN'S SHOE STORE,
3d Street, above Pine, Phila.,
for Shoes from \$1.25 upwards; Men's
Shoes put over \$2.50. Give
us a call and be convinced.

S. SCHWARTZ,
Repairing neatly done.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE

THE UNEXPECTED

"It is the unexpressed which happens," said a French proverb. I like the proverb because it is true—and because it is French.

Edouard Charpentier is my name.

I am an American by birth, but that is all. From infancy when I had a French governess, then when I was in the salon of French school, to neighborhood, devoted to French art, I have been French by sympathy and education.

My school is the plain, air, and my master is the bar and the sun. M. Duchesne M. Duchesne has had pictures in the salon for three years, and pictures elsewhere, eagerly bought, and yet Paris knows not M. Duchesne. We know his house, his home, his carriage, his servants and his sister's wall, but he seems to me, speaks to me no one. Indeed he has left Paris for a time, and we worship afar off.

I have a sketch by this master which I treasure jealously—a pencil sketch of a great picture, yet to come. I await it.

M. Duchesne paints from the model, and I paint from the model exclusively. It is the only way to be firm, accurate, true. Without the model we may have German fantasy or English democracy, but no modern art.

It is hard, too, to get models continually when one is but a student after five years' work, and one's pictures bring francs instead, but not dollars.

Still, here is Georgette!

Georgette, my dear sister and Pauline. But now it is Georgette, and she is adorable! True she has not much soul, but then she has a charming body, and 'tis that I copy.

Georgette and I get on together to admiration. Her sketch better is this than matrimony for an artist! How wise is M. Daudet!

Antoine is my dearest friend. I paint with him, and we are happy. Georgette is my dearest model. I paint from her, and she is adorable!

Into this peaceful scene comes a letter from America bringing much emotion.

It appears I had a great-uncle there, in some northeastern corner of New England.

And it appears, strangely enough, that this northeastern great-uncle was seized in his old age with a passion for French art—at least I know not how else to account for his hunting me up through a lawyer and finding me some quarter of a million when he died.

An admirable great-uncle!

But I must go home and settle the property. That is imperative. I must leave Georgette!

(Could anything be further from Paris than a town in Vermont? Not the Andamans islands.)

And could anything be further from the great-uncle I find myself among some thirty-seventh cousin, who is so beautiful that I forget she is an American, I forget Paris, I forget Antoine—yes, and even Georgette! Poor Georgette! But this is fate.

This cousin is not like the other cousin. I inquire, I ascertain.

Her name is Mary D. Greenleaf. I shall call her Mary.

And she comes from Boston.

But beyond the name how can I describe her? I have seen beauty, yes, much beauty, in maid, matron and model, but I never saw anything to equal this country cousin.

Not a "figure"—the word shames her. She has a body, the body of a young Diana, and a body and a figure are two very different things. I am an artist, and she has lived in Paris, and I know the difference.

The lawyers in Boston can settle that property, I find.

The air is delightful in northern Vermont in March. There are mountains, bluebirds, trout, and youth to love. Ah, yes, and I will assist this shy young cousin.

"Cousin Marie," say I, "come, let me show you Paris!"

"How can you be so difficult for you, Mr. Carpenter—it would take too long!"

"Call me Edouard!" I cry. "Are we not cousins? Cousin Edouard, I beg of you, let me show you Paris. It is not nothing difficult when you are with me, Marie, nothing can be too long for your cousin!"

"Thanks, Cousin Edouard, but I think I will not impose on your good nature. Besides, I shall not stay here. I go back to Boston in my aunt's."

The air of Boston is good in March, and there are places of interest there, and many American artists who deserve encouragement. I will stay in Boston awhile to assist the lawyers in settling my property. It is necessary.

Marie, Marie continually. Am I not a cousin?

I talk to her of life, of art, of Paris, of M. Duchesne. I show her my precious sketch.

"But," says she, "I am not wholly a cousin. I am a friend, and I am not friendly to M. Duchesne. I have been to Paris myself, with my uncle years since."

"Fairer cousin," say I, "if you have not been even to Boston I should still wish to see you. I shall again with me!"

"And you are she would again with me?" she says. Ah, yes! I had come even to marriage, you see!

I soon found she had the usual woman's share in these conventions. I gave her a sketch with a headless model, and she laughed at Daudet and me.

I talked to her of ruined geniuses I had known myself, but she said a ruined genius was no worse than a ruined woman. I could not tell her young girl.

"Do not believe I succeed without a struggle. I even turn myself away without fear. I soon came back."

She lived with an aunt, an adorable little aunt, with a headless, handsome minded aunt, and such a life as I led between them for a whole month.

I call continually. I bury her in flowers. I take her to the theatre, aunt and all. The aunt seems greatly surprised, but she does not object to my attentions. No; my wife—and wife she must be—shall be treated with punctilious respect.

Never was I laughed at and argued with my life as I was laughed at by that beautiful aunt and argued with by that beautiful aunt.

The only rest was in pictures. Marie would look at pictures always, and seemed to have a special appreciation of them, almost an understanding. I would show her a picture to hope, dimly and faintly to hope, that she might grow to care for mine. To be a wife who would care for one's art, to be a wife who would come to one's studio—but then I would be entirely, as I said, and I know that mine are about models without Daudet tell me!

My cousin's New England girl and I came to the studio on a rainy day, and perhaps in June I might be her gently to understand.

That I should ever live to commit matrimony! But fate rules all man.

I think that girl refused me nine times.

For some days I did not know her reason; and I should never, said I, I should never agree, said I, I would and she was American, said I loved her for art then I did her! At that I was angry, grader or a bank. So rather in love her, and then she seemed down and angry and sent me away again.

Woman are strangely inconsistent! I should have thought she would be always sent me away, but I always returned.

I after about a month of this torture I decided to find her one soft May twilight about the dusk, sitting by a window in fragment dress.

I saw her flowers in her hand—flowers I had seen in her hand—flowers I had seen in her strong, pure profile clear against the sky.

Marie is quietly, and stood watching to see if I was of hope and admiration, and then she took a great pearl tear from her eyes among my violets.

That was enough.

I sprung forward, I knelt beside her, I took her hands in mine, I drew her to me.

Even then she would have put me from her. She insisted that I did not know her yet, that she told me to tell me. But I held her close and kissed away her words, and said: "You love me, perfect one, and I love you. The rest will be right."

Then she laid her white hands on my shoulders and looked deep into my eyes.

Yes, she told me to tell me, "and I will marry you, Edward."

She dropped her face on my shoulder then—that face of fire and roses—and we were silent.

It is but two months time from then; I have been married a fortnight. The first week was heaven and the second was hell! Oh, my God! my God! That young Diana to love, but—have I not it? I have feared and despised myself. I have suspected and cursed myself. I have cursed her and him, whom this day I shall kill! It is now 8 o'clock. I cannot kill him until he comes not till then.

Let me think.

First, to kill him. That is simple and easily settled.

Shall I kill her?

If she lived, could I ever see her again? Ever once the hand, those lips—that within two weeks of marriage—No, she shall die!

And if she lived what would be before her but more shame, and more, till she felt herself alone!

Far better that she die!

And I?

Could I live to forget her? To carry always in my heart a black stone across that door? To rise and rise, and do great works, and be great?

Never! I cannot forget her!

Better I die with her, even now.

Hark! Is that a step on the stair? Not yet.

My money is well bestowed. Antoine is a better artist than I, and a better man, and the money will widen and lighten a noble life in his hands.

And little Georgette is provided for. How long ago, how faint and weak, that Georgette, how Georgette loved me, I believe, at least for a time, and then a week.

To wait—until 4 o'clock!

To think—I have thought; it is all arranged!

These pistols that she admired but day before yesterday, that she practiced with together, both loaded full! What a shot she is! I believe she can do everything!

To wait—to think—to remember!

Let me remember.

I know her a week, wood her a month, have been to Paris, and I know her. She always said I didn't know her. She was always on the point of telling me something and I would not let her. She seemed half repentant, half in jest. I presume, clear and bright. Those clear, brown eyes, clear and bright. His broad water with the sun through it! And she would smile at "I think that I must remember."

Am I sure? Sure! I call it myself.

What would you call it—your, any man? A woman who has been from her house alone every day and seen the world, cloaked and veiled, to this place, this door of Bohemians, this building of New York studios! Painters! I know them; I am a painter myself.

She goes to his room day after day and tells me nothing.

I say to her gently, "What do you do with your days, my love?"

"Oh, many things," she answers, "I am trying art to please you."

That is delicious. She knew she might be loved.

I say, "Cannot I teach you?" and she says, "I have a teacher I used to study with. I must finish; I want to surprise with." So she would soothe me to appearance.

But I watch and follow, I take this little room. I wait and I see.

Lessons? Oh, perjured one! There is no lesson to that room but yourself, and to be honest to yourself.

Is that a step? Not yet. I watch and wait. This is America, I say, not France. This is my wife, I will trust her. But the man comes every day. He is young. He is handsome. He is young.

I cannot bear it. I go to the door. I knock. There is no response. I try the door. It is locked. I stomp and look through the keyhole. What do I see? Ah, God! I see the man upon a chair, and then only a tail screen. Behind that screen, low voices!

I did not go home last night. I am here today—with these!

That is a step. Yes! Softly, now. He has gone. I can speak. She said: "You are late, Guillaume."

Let me give them a little time.

Now—softly—I come, friends. I am not late!

Across the narrow passage I steal noiselessly. The door is unlocked this time. I burst in.

There stands my young wife, pale, trembling, unable to speak.

There is a shadow of Guillaume behind the screen. My fingers press the triggers. There is a sharp double report. Guillaume tumbles over, howling, and Marie flings herself between us.

I am alone. One me a moment for my life! The pistols are harmless, dear—blank cartridges. I fixed them myself. I saw you suspected. But you were my surprise; I shall have to tell you the whole story. I have the sketch of I am "M. Duchesne"—Mary Duchesne Greenleaf Carpenter—and this is my model!

We are very happy in Paris with our double studio. We sometimes sketch models. We laugh at M. Daudet—Charles Perkins Steaton in Kate Field's Washington.

Poor Excuse Better Than None.

Wife—You careless fellow! I found a letter I gave you a week ago to mail in the hip pocket of your trousers. How can you be so absent minded and silly as to forget to mail it, dear. It's a clear case of hip-note-ism.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Henry Bergh.

Among the men of this century who will be noted as a public benefactor, with others whose memory is already canonized for their humanity and the relief of suffering, is Henry Bergh. The suffering inflicted upon the most faithful brute servants of the city are once dumb and helpless, and enormous and universal and constant. Yet it seemed practically to be unobserved, and when Bergh began his mission for relief he found himself ridiculed, discredited and even sublimely opposed. But his earnest and quiet labors have won the public attention, so that within the range of Bergh's work the man who publicly abuses his horse is now aware that at any moment he may be authoritatively restrained by the consciousness alone has saved immense suffering.

But the human relation to domestic animals and the animals that serve us is still barbarous. No man can see what treatment is being meted out to the creatures struggling to do his best, often under the most owner without wincing at the fate that abandons so fine a creature to so ignoble and cruel a tormentor. The animals will never rid themselves of their benefactor. But the American list of worthies is incomplete in which the name of Henry Bergh is not "writ large."—Harper's Magazine.

Society.

The opinions expressed of society as a whole are a tolerable fair criticism of the character of the one who holds them. It is the man of unfinishing integrity who has the most faith in the general honesty of the community—a faith not shaken by the occasional depravity of the few. It is the man who is unscrupulous and alluring who suspects rogues in every quarter and ridicules the very idea of disinterestedness. He who complains that the world is hollow and heartless unconsciously confesses his own lack of sympathy, while he who believes that each a whole and a part of humanity is certain to have the milk of human kindness in his own nature.—New York Ledger.

Not Ready to Tell.

Miss Seconded—How do you like Mr. Longhair's mustache?

Miss Debutante (blushing)—I—have not known him long enough to say.—Drake's Magazine.

FAMEN VERNACULAD

THE USE OF THE ODD WORDS AND PHRASES USED ON THE WATER.

Dialect Which the Landman Could Never Hope to Master Except on Shipboard—Expressions That Puzzle the Amateur Yachtsman.

An amateur sailor is trying in the time allowed for the glorious sport of familiarizing themselves not only with sails, sheets, halyards, booms, gaffs, and all, but also endeavoring to acquire the nomenclature strange vocabulary which the seamen employ in his day's work. It will perhaps be of interest to him to look into the words and phrases of some of these sea phrases, meanings of which are sometimes so hard to defy translation.

A study of the expressions apparently illogical conditions so accurately that divergence would probably be as puzzling to a seaman as though he were spoken some foreign tongue. There are a few words, however, that are not to be found in the dictionary, but which have no real conversation can master, and which can be understood properly by going to land and living with the men "forward of mast."

All the various features of procedure at the various ports of inquiry, nothing is so curious as the bewilderment created by such a breast by the statements of the nautical wisdom. "We was going along all well when the wind drawed ahead. We went sail, and in fore and rizen top!" "Mind yer luff, you soger," said one old man, "an' as he says this one of the guys parted and sprung the boom, for swinging booms, and had the go away." The other guy fitted in one, a cackled, "wee wee it is, the boom air yea a follin'w'n me, sir."

WHAT SOME TERMS MEAN.

No one can imagine a statement of this kind by no means unusual—delivered to a young man who has been brought to picture the facial expression of a good counsel. It was only a short time that one of the most eminent lawyers of the country, in summing up a case, was to give up trying to designate a particular or another part of the law, and admit that he did not know its name, thereby somewhat weakening the force of his argument.

The talk, indeed, is a dialect as distinct from our ordinary language as Chaucer's was from the English of today, rather stigmatized is utterly irrelevant to the meaning they have in shore parlance. A yard ashore means the land side of a house; at sea it is a spar. Every word used by the majority of boys known to a whelp is, but what is it called? A single rope went through a hole. A lizard is not a reptile, but a rope with a thimble or ring spliced in it, just as the cathead is a piece of wood with a number of ropes of plank. It is not striking, but it is a tackle; a bonnet is not for ladies' wear, but a cap of canvas laced to the job; while a paw has as little to do with the feline animal as fiddles and harpings have with the instruments.

The sailors' language, however, is by no means wholly compounded of the terms relating to the various parts of the ship, ships, perils, rough usage, indifferent variety of water, and the like have entered into the sailor's vocabulary, many of which are sanctified by the echoes of rude poetry. Jack's ditties, are frequently vehicles of his emotion. When he does not know how to put his feelings into rhyme, he turns to the topical halyard song and it is a terrible chorus come up to a fierce chorus composed of improvised abuse of the ship's skipper, to which expression could be given in a quieter method.

Unfortunately the list of melodies is what limited, but the lack of variety obstruction to the sailor's poetical imagination when he wants the "old man" to sing them to him, and so the sailor, when they face him, and so the sailor, as the windlass or halyard is called, furnishes the music to as various indignant remonstrances as he can find to justify his rant. As a peculiar instance of this, we call for a "Dutchman" as long as they tell Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Germany or Holland. Any man who says for "yes" gets at once the credit of being a Dutchman, and the generic title induces sailors to say it all the while I stand for complaining, abusive or. If a man murmurs in the least said to be growling, and whether it is a little thing or a great one the sailor is bound to be used.

To make the point clear, I put out a light, a young man who prided himself on well chosen language, and had an abundance of confidence in his ability to upset customs and impressions. When on one night he had occasion to call half an hour later, he found the light out, and he discovered the unusual thing, what was. The boatswain now appeared on the scene, and, halting the man, he said, "Doesn't gim there and be light?" He saw the light was out, and it was an ludicrous sight and went was suddenly turned off.

So it goes from one expression to another. It cannot be expected that the sailor's language is more than those that occur naturally, and it is a pity that a profession crowded with anyone heard nowhere except on board is it is quite certain that to stop a sailor telling a story in his own fashion is a very unwise thing. —New York Times.

Crossing Wire Fence End Posts.

The post hole 8 feet deep, 18 inches and 8 feet long. On two opposite sides the lower end of the post nail two strips each 6 inches wide and 8 feet long. One end of the wire is placed between the posts and across the strips. Then the wire is run down the ground under the strips and filled in with earth well. A brace may also be set, extending to the top of the post to a smaller pole driven into the ground four or five feet from the fence. Posts will stand erect over the ground and a heavy strain on the wires.—Work Independent.

A Famous Printing House.

One of the most famous printing houses existed was that founded at Ant-Christopher Plantin in 1555, and continued under the control of his family until the year 1700, when the buildings in which the business remarkable establishment was conducted, together with all the artistic tools of the house, its ancient presses and furniture, are now the property of the State, and have been placed open to a public museum, which with rare treasures of literature and art will be regarded as one of the interesting and unique in Europe.—Philadelphia Times.

Somewhat to blame him. Nature wanted to show the folly of," said the strong minded woman, "but she never intended to let us see in fashion plain. But we need to make clear the beauty in it made the hard headed woman nonsense about her."

"But don't you think an unpleasant?" "But don't you think an unpleasant?" "But don't you think an unpleasant?"

The Sharp Eyed Turks.

Shooting contests in the Turkish army are so keenly watched that not a twenty could hit as big as a barn and thirty rods away was missed times where it was hit ones. It looks well in red trousers, how ever Free Press.

Deep In the woods some drowsy summer day
Have you not heard the fauns and dryads pass?
The thrushy footings of the grass
As stretched upon the moss you idly lay
Deep in the woods?

And through the dim, far spreading forest: makes
Have you not heard mysterious whispers faint;
Has there not stole to you a nymph's complaint,
Or burst of elish laughter, and merriment
Deep in the woods?

Ab! tell me not the woods deserted be,
The fauns and sprites, dryads, fauns are fled;
For oft beneath their arms ye lie bed:
They come, and a sportive dance, to visit me
Deep in the woods.

And peering 'neath some overarching limb
I see the face of Puck—that knavish elf,
I hear the pluck of great goat Pan himself
Tossing the curls of his wild hair
Deep in the woods.
—Edith Sessions Tupper in Outing.

MY INTIMATE FRIEND.

At the time of which I write I was living with my parents in what are now called the outer suburbs of New York, and it was in the early days of the use of coal oil, and the indications of its presence were not so well understood as they are now, so it was not thought probable that any one in our neighborhood would be warranted in undertaking to burn kerosene oil, but I was not for oil. Speculators were not ready then to take upon themselves the expense of boring, and my father did not feel able to undertake it. So he had talked on, trying to convince me of the fact that both ends meet from what he could wrest from the soil above.

My grandfather owned quite a tract of land on one side of the highway running through the little country village of P—, and the father of my most intimate friend owned an equally large tract adjoining ours. We had formerly lived just over the line in New York, and my principal objection when father decided to remove to grandfather's place, was that should have to leave my most intimate friend behind me, but there was no help for it, and I had managed not only to survive it, but to find another friend whom I thought more nearly perfect than any one who had gone before, and I had had several intimates in the course of my fifty years.

"Betty, poor girl, is addicted to intimate friends," was a frequent saying of my oldest brother, Albert, as if they were a kind of intoxicant I was unable to resist. Betty remarks never fail to send me to Abigail Potter for sympathy, which of course we received. Were inseparable, and when father once spoke of returning to our old home I was the most violent opponent of the plan. "I could not leave Abigail!" said Aunt Kate, "enough of Abigail some-day," and Aunt Kate.

"Yes," said grandmother. "Her tongue is hung in the middle, an' wags both ways."

I should not be so intimate with my girl, I thought, and I ought to learn that if you can't keep your own secrets no one will keep them for you.

Now I really did not tell Abigail everything I knew, though I must confess I told her much near it, but I reasoned that it was natural for her to expect me to have some sympathetic person to talk to. Of course we must have something to talk about, so where was the harm when she was my most intimate friend?

Silly, I thought, to speak of my mother call one morning from the back door.

"She's hangin' over the front gate with Abigail," Aunt Kate replied.

I was, but I hastened to the backyard, where I had been especially dipping her skeins of rags up and down in the big dye kettle.

"Just keep stirring them so the dye won't settle, while I get out your father's seed corn," she said.

I was absently poking the rags when mother's voice floated down to me from the attic window she had just raised.

"So the prospector has decided to do it, ha, ha!"

"Yes," father replied. "He'll laugh by the 14th. He's coming the Thursday afore to bind the bargain and make a payment."

"Then we've got it here by Tuesday," mother asked eagerly.

"Reason why nary," said father.

"I hope so, but I'm disappointed if it couldn't be done by the 12th; but the roads are bad."

"Well, it can be hauled six miles, good or bad, less the bottom of 'em falls clean out," father ended, with a chuckle.

I had not time to expect anything from the conversation until mother, referring to the 12th. Tuesday, the 12th, was my birthday, and it flashed upon me that "it" must be something for me. I followed up my discovery with such conclusive argument that I had not time to doubt my conviction that "it" certainly must be piano—something I had long wished for, and which no one in the neighborhood possessed. I became all ears at once as father, on: "Don't let Betty get an inkling of it."

"She hasn't the first suspicion of it. It will be a complete surprise."

"You know she couldn't keep it to herself," mother continued. "The Potters would hear of it, and we're a class."

"Well, they won't," mother asserted, shutting down the window, and in a few moments she was back by my side.

"Dear me, Betty! where are your wits?" she had heard I just then gave her such a vigorous poke that the dye overflowed and a cloud of ashes rose above the kettle. "Here, Betty, give me that poker, and you go take those five dozen eggs up to Seth Merrill, and tell him to bring 'em down. Get 'em to sixty-two cents a dozen. That's a paper of needles—between two spoons of thread, a quarter of tea, a pound of raisins and the rest in drilling."

"Hill drillin', too, Betty, you mean?" grandmother called out after me.

"That'll get a yard, and we'll get the half cent this time. An', Betty, you watch an' see Seth Merrill don't measure in his thumb."

I scarcely heard grandmother then, though it all came back to me a week afterwards; but I hurried away with things, glad to escape the smoke and ashes and dye stuff, and glad, too, of a chance to ponder over my coming "surprise."

"The whole world was abuzz about it at the little country store when Abigail ran up the steps.

"I thought you were here!" she cried. "I didn't half finish telling you what I was taking to you this morning."

"And I've got money to tell you," I began impatiently, when a remembrance of father's last words checked me. But Abigail wasn't "the Potters," I thought; so I went on, only stipulating, "But you must treat me as if I were dead."

"As if I ever died!" she exclaimed, with an offended air. "If you can't trust me you needn't tell."

"Of course I can," I replied hastily.

"Will you take it out in trade now or have a due bill?" Seth Merrill interrupted.

I hastily gave my list of articles, Abigail, and I went on to the show case with her, utterly forgetful of the warning as to Seth's thumb.

"A piano!" she exclaimed, as I poured out my suspicions.

"It's no more!"

"Why, Betty, I thought you said only last week that your father wouldn't be able to get one for a long time."

"That was last week," I replied, continuing recklessly. "But now I'm going to be rich. A man has been here, and I must know it's about boring for oil, and I'm pretty sure that's the way my piano is coming."

Now Abigail was not the least bit envious, but she said, "that a sigh: 'You're too lucky, I wish I had bought it.' But I comforted her with the assurance that I should use mine whenever she wished.

From that time forth Thursday my mind was not off my expected piano, nor my tongue either, when I was with Abigail and Aunt Kate said that was pretty much all the time.

I noticed, as Thursday passed, that the

I fed
fied
and
I w
that
our
it, fo
day
drove
sober
I ho
wrote
to the
ping
came
room
were
dressed
put
bottom
to the
put t
rude
grand
"W
him u
day.
prosper
spoke."
"Ho
berie
An
lans to
I w
morti
timati
of it, co
and I
But c
if add
The
"Wh
before
I feel
It wo
anter
I follo
I did
and in
out m
and I
that I
even
lessons
"Well
more b
best, p
"We
based
hardly
of the
years
part o
succes
precia
too clo
last of
So pe
confor
was ree
mark.
to let y
nails is
You'd
Am
trefect
found
Chemis
contam
nia. B
parts o
50,000
cause t
safe.—

PEAC
beast
of No
will ge
drop i
Send fo
their U
To
If yo
mail vo
all about
the
effers u
and hee
vior an
are thus
and App
—

SIXTE

Unde
the Nor
rates Ju
sixteen
trains n
eight ce
exclusiv
branch
daily w
Duluth
Washington
Chas.
Agent
nounces
the spec
fic Exp
men," da
Palace
at Milwa
dually
ning via
Portland
ations at
St. Loui
in the a
arr

.....

[illegible]

[illegible]